

THE CORRESPONDENT.

MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PREVALEBIT.

BY GEORGE HOUSTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Vol. 5.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

Mr. George Houston; sir—I send you herewith an account of one of the transactions of the *Christian's God*, as given by his minister, which appears to me to deserve attention. You probably have not seen it, or you would doubtless have noticed it. It is as follows:—

[From the London Courier, Oct. 4.]

The dreadful accident at Mayo.—The following interesting details of the late awful occurrence in the county of Mayo, are from the clergyman who officiated at the time when the steeple was thrown down by lightning, upon the congregation:

Claremorris, Oct. 6.

“As incorrect accounts of the awful event which yesterday occurred at Clare may be circulated, I hasten to give the public a true statement of what happened; and this I am enabled to do the more accurately having been then present.

“The congregation was assembled for divine worship, in the newly erected church, at the usual hour; and I, as the officiating minister, in the absence of Mr. Sirr, the rector of the parish, was reading the litany, when the heavens were suddenly darkened by a heavy storm; which gathered over the town. That portion of our most solemn form of supplication, “Christ have mercy upon us,” had but just been uttered, when a deafening crash shook every house in the place to its foundation; and at the same instant, the lofty stone steeple, rent by lightning, was thrown upon the roof, and together with it, overwhelmed the congregation in ruins. In a moment after all was still, and those who were, as if miraculously preserved unhurt, saw the danger they had escaped, and the perilous state of the remainder of their fellow-worshippers, not a moment was lost in seeking for those buried under the ruins; but the heart-rending scene I cannot venture to dwell upon; while husbands labored to extricate their wives, and parents called in despair for their children; much less would I harrow up the feelings of your readers by detailing their mangled appearance, when freed from their awful confinement.

“I write with too vivid a recollection of these scenes of horror to enter into farther particulars.

“Let me not, however, forget the mercies of God, which I witnessed in the midst of these judgments. After seeing the wounded persons

conveyed to their homes, I waited on each individual, for the purpose of offering the consolations of religion; and in no single instance did I hear a murmur against the heavy dispensation of Providence; on the contrary, strange as it may appear to some, it was viewed by all with thankfulness, as the correction of a kind parent, and the pious, humble expressions of adoration edified every one present. The redeemer's name was on every lip—the prayer of faith ascended from every heart. Feelings of piety so universal, and in many cases under peculiar circumstances, which there is not time at present to relate, have excited general attention and interest; and these, it must be remembered, were seen in the most afflicting circumstances, when parents, writhing in agony, were bidding farewell to helpless dependent families, and committing them to the care of the father to the fatherless, preparing themselves to enter into eternity. Here the power, the comfort of religion was felt; and among us the blessings of the gospel have been seen and exemplified. Let me mention one case. A valuable member of society, the mother of a respectable family, expired shortly after she was brought to her house; but to the very last gasp, when unable to articulate, she declared to me by signs, that her hope was fixed on Christ, and that she had found rest for her soul. Eleven other persons are still in a dangerous state, yet in most cases we have hopes of their recovery. The good feeling shown by the respectable inhabitants of the town is above all praise. The members of the medical profession particularly distinguished themselves, by the assiduity with which they attended the wounded. I regret that my feelings at this moment will not allow me to enumerate those most conspicuous in the service of humanity, or to furnish you with a fuller account of this calamity, which has confined many industrious persons to a sick bed, and thereby reduced their families to great distress. In conclusion, I pray that the events of yesterday may produce as beneficial effects on the minds of those who hear of, as of those who suffer under the awful dispensation.

FRANCIS LYNCH BLOSSE."

I wish all mankind, especially professing Christians, could read this account, with my remarks upon it.

Here is a company of worshippers, who had probably been at the expense of building for their God, a good stone house, with a proud and "heavy stone steeple," so as to be as good and as smart as the best of his worshippers; and were also taxed to the borders of starvation, to pay the priests of this God, for ministering before him—all on their knees, and in a pious agony, calling on one of the partners in the firm—"Christ have mercy upon us;" when in a pet, or a frolic, or through inattention to their supplications, at this *particular juncture*, when men are doing their duty, if ever, according to the orthodox doctrines this, *God of all mercy* lets slip a thunderbolt, and tumbles tons of stones, and the massy roof of a large house, upon his prostrate, praying, worshipping children, and buries them in a moment, in confusion and destruction.

Look at this transaction for a moment! Suppose some monarch, or some parent of a family—imperfect, frail, passionate, as mortals are admitted to be, should do such a thing; would not all the pious priests, from the pulpit and the press, denounce him as an inhuman monster?

It will be vain for the supporters of this God to plead that this event

happened in the ordinary course of things, according to the laws of nature—for the priest expressly calls it “the correction of a *kind* parent!!” Horrible; is this the way of a kind parent? What monsters men make of their Gods, in all ages.

It would spoil the priest’s trade, to resolve this, and all other events in to the *ordinary course of things, which do and must take place according to the laws of nature*; so they must make the best of such things. You and I know, and so do the priests, if they would but own it, that it was as much a matter of course, as the growing of a blade of grass.

But, to put it again, and keep it, on their own ground; that it was a *special Providence*. One would suppose that the priest, and all professors, would wish to keep such an occurrence a secret, for fear it would have a tendency to prevent people from ever being caught worshipping such a god again. I should suppose such an instance would be sufficient to cure any body, but a fool, of all inclination, ever to serve such a wanton, capricious tyrant any longer.

What would the priests at New-York say, if the building in which you lecture, should be struck by lightning, and half your congregation should be killed, in the midst of some of your illustrations of the cruelty and tyranny of the Jewish and Christian God? Would they not declare it an exemplary interposition of his, to teach you and all other infidels, that he is not to be insulted by you? and would not all believers set it down as a special intervention of miraculous power, to warn mankind against infidelity? Why then is not this affair at MAYO, to be taken as a warning to people, not to do as they were doing?

But, no; the smiles or the frowns of this God—his favor or his wrath are equally evidences of his existence, his superintendence, and his revelation, to the Jews and Christians; and of his preference of the Christian worship—that worship of which the people of MAYO were performing, when he visited them with his fatherly correction. For no sooner had the wretched congregation been dug from the ruins than all who had life left, were visited by their *priest*, with the consolations of *this same religion*; “and strange as it may seem, (it certainly seems very strange to me) every one—parents writhing in the agonies of death, and bidding farewell to helpless dependent families”—all “viewed the occurrence with thankfulness!”

Is this possible? Do you believe it? Should you be *thankful* to any being, God, man, or devil, for crushing you in the very act of worshipping him exactly as he had directed you to do, and your wife and children and friends with you, like a parcel of rats under a squat trap? It is impossible. Men may be so debased by superstition as to be made to *say* that they are *thankful* for such treatment, but their hearts *feel* another language.

But, says this priest, “the redeemer’s name was on every lip.” (after they had been dug out of the rubbish that had been tumbled on them by him, while calling upon him to have mercy upon them) The redeemer’s name was on every lip! So it was the moment he buried them in destruction. And what did they get by using his name?

And one old lady, continues the priest, “persisted to the last, even after she was unable to speak, and expressed by signs that her hope was fixed on Christ.”

If you should declare by signs, after your lecturing house should be thus knocked to pieces, and your brains beat out in the midst of your discourse, that your hope was still in opposing Christianity, and all other superstitions, would not the priests say you was a most pertinacious infidel?

But the people of Mayo were guilty of a fatal mistake, in not guarding against the caprice of their God. If they had resorted to Doctor Franklin's *remedy against divine wrath*, and put up a good lightning rod, (not Moses's rod) they would have put it out of his power to knock his house to pieces, and break their bones in the midst of their homage.

I advise all worshippers in future to bind their god in this manner, to keep the peace, especially on Sundays, during service. If they do not, they will find that he will behave towards them, just as he does towards the *wicked*; and that he is just as likely to make a racket, and do mischief with his thunder and lightning on Sunday, as on any other day.

DOCTOR TO THE PRIEST

February 25, 1824.

Sir—The dose which you acknowledged to have received, I observed has not cured you of your fanaticism; it has, however, I am inclined to think, convinced you, that upon the principles of nature, reason and common sense, Christianity cannot be defended. You have certainly steered clear of the ground upon which any rational explanation can take place; and the total silence upon those principles, to which in a particular manner, I directed you, sufficiently indicates, that the arguments which I have offered have had a tolerable good effect; without coming to such views, I was well aware that the correspondence might be carried on *ad infinitum*, as I knew no decision could possibly be obtained if I had confined myself to the general history that Christianity presents. Each sect and each individual have their own particular ideas, and as every one wrangles and contends that his is the best, a rational being can only establish the verity of his opinions regarding religion upon the great standard of nature herself. Her volume lies open to all, and is seldom read with that perversity of intellect which always accompanies the prejudices of theological sectarians, "who continually have recourse to their bible, each most absurdly assuming the dangerous and wicked principle," that

Hic liber est in quo quærit sua dogmata quisque,
Atque in quo reperit dogmata quisque sua.*

In looking over your epistle, I find you rest principally on calling on me to prove that Jésus and his apostles were impostors. My observations, I think, pretty strongly confirm this. Overlooking, at present, the many strange stories, which appear to me in no other light than the most superstitious legends, I merely advert to what is called Christ's ascension into heaven—an event, which to have gained credit, ought to have been fully and accurately related by men who were witnesses of it. To

* Here is a book in which every one seeks his own dogmas,
And in which every one finds them.

have ascended publicly, would at least have convinced his adversaries, and would have given to mankind an incontestible proof of his divinity; but, in place of this, all is doubt and obscurity. Matthew never alludes to such an event: John does not say that it even happened; and, as they were both disciples of Christ when this grand event took place, it is certainly strange why they have omitted it. Mark and Luke, who were not present at the ascension, if such an improbable thing ever occurred) are the only writers who pretend to give an account of it. Mark relates it in the most abrupt manner imaginable. Luke's narrative is equally vague; the one asserting, that Jesus ascended at Jerusalem, the other holding out, that it was at Bethany, a place many miles distant. Even with these contradictions, it is a second-handed story, and no credit can be given to it. Indeed, independent of such inconsistencies in a work said to be inspired, it devolves upon you to explain in what manner Jesus lost the gravity of his body so as to escape from the earth.

With regard to the narrative of his resurrection, the evangelists have detailed likewise many absurd and extravagant stories; but they do not venture to assert, that any individual saw Jesus rising from the tomb. We have not the testimony of a single individual upon this singular event, and why a matter of such importance was accomplished in so obscure a manner and not before as many witnesses as were present at his death, is sufficient to prove that these strange things are related by men, who, in place of being inspired with wisdom, seem to be remarkable only for ignorance and superstition. It is said that Jesus was in the grave three days and three nights, but this is not the case. He was, according to his disciples, taken from the cross upon a Friday afternoon, and his resurrection took place on Sunday morning, one asserting that it was dark, another that it was sun-rise, evidently shewing that these *inspired* writings are full of contradiction, and that the whole is an imposition.

If you can reconcile these things that are so incongruous, even from the very womb of inspiration, you will do more than all the theologians that have gone before you. The resurrection and ascension are the two principal props of the Christian religion; and, if they cannot be proved, the system must fall to the ground. It is quite inconsistent with the character of a God to do any thing that is connected with contradiction; at least, to allow events to be detailed of so much consequence to the benefit of mankind, pregnant with such gross absurdities. You allow that you may have been mistaken with regard to the miracles of Mahomet, but you are not willing to allow them upon the same ground as those of Jesus; are they not recorded in the Alcoran as having been performed at certain times and places? The Alcoran of the Christians gives no better proof; and to see that they stand upon equal foundation, I recommend for your perusal the *inspired* productions of Mahomet.

You seem to misunderstand me in your allusion regarding my remarks upon the state of angels. "The word *if*," which you seize hold of, implies no more than that neither you nor I have any knowledge about such beings. If you, however, possess upon this point any superior knowledge, I should be pleased were you to give me proof of their existence. In the view of Christianity which you entertain, you say you see nothing but what is rational; but I contend, while you believe in

dogmas which are not in unison with the general laws of the universe, that you abandon, at once, all that is connected with reason, and enter upon a field of error and confusion.

In the works of nature, we find every thing that is wonderful:—to behold the radiance of countless worlds rolling in the immensity of space, excites ideas that are almost too great for our imagination. Your wonder, therefore, in many things around us, may be daily excited; but, when we find people wondering at the relation of events which are beyond the boundaries of possibilities to happen, I have no hesitation in saying that their imaginations delight to dwell in the marvellous regions of fiction. If you prefer faith in matters of this kind, I must inform you, that faith begins where knowledge ends; indeed, it is an article of so much convenience that were I to indulge in it, I should feel afraid that it would make me believe two and two did not make four, or what is, perhaps, as wonderful, that the glorious luminary, the sun, underwent a revolution, and that all nature stood still to please the fancy and gratify the pride of a few marauding barbarians.

Your remarks, about the merit of believing, I do not well comprehend—demonstration needs no belief—when a thing is demonstrated it is made known to our senses, and therefore, we know it to be true—belief, in this case, is out of the question. You affect surprise upon this subject, but every one knows that, since the days of Bacon, in philosophy every thing is admitted for which there is sufficient evidence, and every thing rejected for which there is not—a principle which has been the great means of advancing science to its present enlightened state. In general history, every thing is admitted which is natural.

Plutarch tells us that Brutus was defeated at Philippi, but no one believes the historian when he relates the circumstance of the gigantic spectre that appeared on the eve of battle to this renowned Roman. The solution of the story by Cassius was rational, who ascribed it to the effects of a diseased imagination. In the history of our own country, we know that Duncan was murdered by the ambitious Macbeth: but we smile at the tale so gravely related about the witches. To separate from history all that is connected with the marvellous, requires, now-a-days, little discrimination; and I really feel surprised when I see men, otherwise distinguished for their learning, embracing tales the most delusive, and which, I am convinced, have no more to recommend them, in point of true natural fact, than the fanciful and flowery fiction of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

GENUINE REVIVALS.

Mr. Editor—You appear to me to be very wrong in supposing, because our *religious* revivals of the present day do not produce the happy results which they formerly produced, that this is owing to, what you call, "the progress of liberal principles;" no, sir, the real cause of the "defection," is the lukewarmness of both ministers and people, and their omitting entirely the use of those means for the "mortification of the flesh," resorted to by our pious ancestors with so much benefit to their own souls, and which never failed to bring a great increase of willing subjects to the redeemer's kingdom: That you may understand the na-

ture of those "means" to which I allude, by which these holy men reformed their lives and effected so important a change, I send you an account of "a great revival," which took place in Italy, in the year 1260, extracted from the Chronicle of a monk of Padua, and afterwards printed at Basil, by Wachelius.

"When all Italy (says our author) was sullied with crimes of every kind, a certain sudden impulse, hitherto unknown to the world, first seized the inhabitants of Perugia, afterwards the Romans, and then almost all the nations of Italy. To such a degree were they affected with the fear of God, that noble as well as ignoble persons, young and old, would go naked about the streets, with only their private parts covered, and without any sense of shame, thus walking in public, two and two, in the manner of a solemn procession. Every one of them held in his hand a scourge made of leather thongs, and with tears and groans they *lashed themselves on their backs, till the blood ran*; all the while weeping and giving tokens of the same bitter affliction as if they had really been spectators of the passion of our Saviour, imploring the forgiveness of God and his mother, and praying that He who had been appeased by the repentance of so many sinners, would not disdain theirs.

"And not only in the day time, but likewise during the nights, hundreds, thousands, and tenthousands of these penitents, ran, notwithstanding the rigor of winter, about the streets, and in churches, with lighted wax-candles in their hands, and *preceded by priests* who carried crosses and banners along with them, and with humility prostrated themselves before the altars: the same scenes were to be seen in small towns and villages; so that the mountains and the fields seemed to resound alike the voice of men who were crying to God. All musical instruments and love songs then ceased to be heard. The only music that prevailed, both in town and country, was that of the lugubrious voice of the penitent, whose mournful accents might have moved hearts of flint; and even the eyes of the obdurate sinner could not refrain from tears.

"Nor were women exempt from the general spirit of devotion we mention: for not only those among the common people, but also matrons and young maidens of noble families, would perform the same mortifications with modesty, in their own rooms. Then those who were at enmity with one another, became again friends. Usurers and robbers hastened to restore their ill-gotten riches to their right owners. Others who were contaminated with different crimes, confessed them with humility, and renounced their vanities. Jails were opened; prisoners were delivered; and banished persons permitted to return to their native habitations. So many and so great works of sanctity and Christian charity, in short, were then performed by both men and women, that it seemed as if an universal apprehension had seized mankind, that the divine power was preparing either to consume them by fire, or destroy them by shaking the earth, or some other of those means which divine justice knows how to employ for avenging crimes.

"Such a sudden repentance, which had thus diffused itself all over Italy, and had even reached other countries, not only the unlearned, but wise persons also admitted. They wondered whence such a vehement fervor of piety could have proceeded; especially since such public pen-

ances and ceremonies had been unheard of in former times, had not been approved by the sovereign pontiff, who was then residing at Anagni, nor recommended by any preacher or person of eminence, but had taken their origin among simple persons, whose example both learned and unlearned had alike followed."

Now, Mr. Editor, if the practice so strongly recommended here by the great reformation it produced, were to be literally followed in our day, we should hear no more of the lukewarmness of penitents, nor of that total disregard of God's holy ordinances, of which we hear so many loud complaints from the pulpit. What, indeed, could be more edifying—what better calculated to subdue the hearts of obdurate sinners, and to lead them to the fold of Christ, than to witness a solemn procession of *our* priests, "every one holding in his hands a scourge of leather thongs, and with tears and groans, lashing themselves on their backs till the blood ran." Can it for a moment be doubted that such a moving spectacle would have the effect amongst us that it had, little more than six hundred years ago, amongst the vicious Italians? He who would dispute this fact, might, with the same propriety, dispute any other well authenticated portion of history.

We have, I think, about a hundred and twenty pious, well-disposed clergyman in this city; and I pledge my existence, if they were the first to follow the example of their brethren in Italy, as mentioned above, in one year we should hear no more of "liberal principles rooting up religious revivals."

CALVIN.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1829.

LECTURES DELIVERED BEFORE THE FREE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

On the Inconsistences, Absurdities, and Contradictions of the Bible.

By the Secretary.—LECTURE XVI.

Concluded from page 106.

It appears by the 9th chapter of Exodus, that the mighty power of Moses's god was employed in destroying the *same* cattle no less than *twice*. In the 6th verse it is said, "And the lord did that thing on the morrow, and *all* the cattle of Egypt died." Now, without informing us either that these dead cattle were restored to life, or that their place had been supplied by others, we are informed in the 25th verse of the same chapter, that "the hail smote throughout all the land of Egypt, and all that was in the field, both man and *beast*, died." What is called revelation is never consistent with itself. Even in the relation of ordinary occurrences, there is such incoherence and incongruity as must for ever destroy the character of the bible.

The 10th chapter of Exodus is composed of materials so nearly similar to those that preceded it, that it would be a waste of time to enlarge on its contents. It details a number of miracles said to have been performed by the power of Moses's god; and it annihilates all their beneficial consequences, by introducing this same idol as hardening the heart of Pharaoh, that they might have no good effect on him, for whose benefit, notwithstanding, we are assured they were performed. Swarms of locusts, and preternatural darkness, were now employed for the purpose of accomplishing an object which, according to the story itself, the god of Moses intended to prevent!

The book of Exodus, of all books that ever were written, is best entitled to the name of a farce. The predominant characters are Jehovah, Moses, Aaron, and the Egyptian king, to which may be added the magicians of the country, aiding and abating the royal tyrant in his dexterous exploits to defeat the skill and cunning of Jehovah's conjurors. All these, with some agents of a subordinate nature, unblushingly present themselves, and challenge the homage, the respect, and the approbation of an enlightened posterity. But reason, science, and general improvement hold such idle tales in contempt. The present age has fixed on these legacies of antiquity—these fragments of a barbarous and superstitious origin—a character that can never be mistaken. What have all these Mosaic frogs, and lice, and flies, and locusts to do with the nature of truth or the principles of morality? Who that reads and reflects at all, can fail to discover in these religious romances, the whim, fancy, and fanaticism that result from a state of intellectual darkness? If supernatural theology did not repel the efforts of enquiring minds by terrific denunciations, it would soon fall before the power of thought, and yield to the diffusion of knowledge. Its destiny, however, is fixed—its fate is decreed beyond revocation. Such, of late, has been the rapid progress of liberal principles, that the work of intellectual regeneration must speedily become universal.

The 11th chapter of Exodus, though the shortest in the whole book, contains a decree of Jehovah, of a nature so sanguinary, that if the bible contained no other objectionable passage, this of itself would be sufficient to stamp the whole with infamy. I allude to the intimation of the bloody and ferocious intention of this god of the Jews to murder the first born of Pharaoh, and of the people of Egypt, and also the first born of all the cattle which belonged to them. (ver. 4) "And Moses said, thus saith the lord, About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt. And all the first born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first born of Pharaoh that sitteth on the throne, even unto the first born of the maid servant that is behind the mill; and all the first born of beasts."

I would ask those who believe this book to be divine, whether it was necessary for god to commit *murder* to emancipate his chosen people? I would also ask, whether the objects of his wrath were well selected; If it was necessary to make a special display of his divine vengeance, would it not have been more consistent with justice to have sacrificed Pharaoh and his subordinate agents, instead of offering up infantine innocence, and glutting himself with the gore of harmless babes?

But this book is a distortion of every thing that is just and merciful. It theoretically and practically holds in abhorrence all the moral sympathies of human existence. It is a reproach to virtue, a disgrace to every nation who show it the slightest mark of respect. Moses enlists his god in all the schemes of villainy of which he himself was the author—he calls heaven to aid him in his projects:—heaven bows in humble submission to his mandates—and lies, theft, murder, deception, and hypocrisy follow as a matter of course.*

* During the indisposition of the editor, last summer, his remarks on the book of Exodus as far as the story of drowning Pharaoh and his host, and which should have followed here, were misplaced, and, by mistake, inserted in No. 20, Vol. III., to which those of our readers are referred who wish to bear in mind the thread of the narrative.

The question has been frequently, and, I think, cannot be too often asked, "why God suspended the laws of Nature in Egypt?" For this suspension we have no reason assigned but God's continued love for a set of rebels, who had polluted his temples, and subverted and defied his laws—for a set of faithless wretches, who had broken all former covenants, and were even now flying before a king justly enraged against them for their injustice, their cruelty, and their impieties—for a set of leagued banditti, who, after frequent attempts to overthrow the government of Egypt, were deservedly curbed by the salutary laws of Pharaoh's council—for a set of desperadoes, who, with Moses at their head, *borrowed* [for so this very *modest* man terms every palpable theft] the jewels of the Egyptians—a robbery which was the more atrocious inasmuch as Moses is said to have commanded it *in the name of the lord!*—for a set of bloodthirsty ruffians, who, finding that Pharaoh would not relax his discipline—finding that their captivity was fixed for life, sallied forth in all the savageness of their nature, with Moses at their head, and slaughtered the first born of man and beast; fulfilling by these means a republished *false* prophecy—for a set of assassins, who, after committing these unexampled crimes, had been driven out of Egypt, followed by Pharaoh and his host! It was with such wretches, we are assured, that *a god made covenants!*

To rescue such men, we are moreover told, that this god destroyed their wrathful, and justly wrathful, pursuers by drowning them in the red sea; where, to save this murmuring faction of thieves, of liars, and of murderers—whom the bible calls his *chosen people*—he opened a passage for them by which they escaped dry and unhurt!

The whole story is a tissue of barefaced and palpable falsehoods, which no man, who will allow himself to reflect, can countenance for a single moment.

Albany celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

The anniversary of this distinguished patriot was celebrated at the National Hotel, on the 29th January, (old style) by a select party of gentlemen favorable to the indulgence and the expression of freedom of sentiment in a free country. An appropriate discourse was delivered, and succeeded by a variety of sentiments and songs suitable to the occasion; among which were the following:

Thomas Paine, and George Washington—The former commenced with his pen what the latter completed with his sword.

The sacred memory of Jefferson, Franklin, Volney, Condorcet, and their associate sages—The pure morality of their writings, strict integrity of their characters, and active benevolence of their lives, incontestibly prove that virtue and honor belong to no individual sect or creed.

The tombless remains of Thomas Paine—Themselves an appalling monument of the base ingratitude of republics.

Frances Wright—*Et decus et tutamen*; at once the ornament and the champion of her sex and of humanity. May her noble efforts in defence of the long neglected common rights of *women*, be as triumphant as were those of the fearless Paine in establishing the rights of men;

and achieve another equally glorious victory over the fell tyranny of custom and prejudice.

The three prominent practical philanthropists of the present age, and of their respective countries. Robert Owen, of Scotland; Henry Brougham, of England; and Edward Livingston, of America.

Hezekiah Niles—as a politician, as an editor, and as a man; a correct model for the conductors of a free press.

The reverend Clergy—Their own consciences are the sole earthly tribunal to decide the purity and the measure of their faith; the world can only judge them by their works. So far as these assist the righteous cause of just knowledge and true benevolence, so far will they command the respect and esteem of mankind. The *tolerance* of the established (protestant) church of England—is it questioned? The deeds of our forefathers, when driven by persecution from the shelter of their native christian home across the stormy ocean, to the more hospitable land and more charitable hearts of heathen strangers, have given their testimony; the departed spirits of the myriads of unhappy Irish Catholics, whose lives were an incessant succession of degradation and suffering for conscience sake, and whose deaths a cruel and as yet unavailing martyrdom in the cause of liberty and their country, have given their testimony; and now the shackled hands, crushed hearts, and stifled voices of six millions of their fellow-beings and fellow christians *would*, perhaps *will*, give *their* testimony.

Sabbatical non-transportation of intelligence. The new text in the doctrine of church legislation, and its comments by the senatorial committee. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

The large portion of community who let “*I dare not wait upon I would;*” who, from mistaken motives of interest or policy, unite with hypocrites and sycophants, by giving countenance and support to popular opinions and popular practices, which in their hearts they know to be false. May they remember they were *born men*, and not sacrifice for the paltry pottage, freedom’s inestimable birth-right.

The veracious biographer of Thomas Paine—Cheetham by name, Cheat’em by nature.

William Cobbet, *alias*, Peter Porcupine—Old Mrs. Royal in breeches.

Here’s a health to them that’s awa’,
 Here’s a health to them that’s awa’,
 And wha winne wish good luck to our cause,
 May never good luck be their fa’.
 It’s gude to be merry and wise,
 It’s gude to be honest and true,
 It’s gude to support fair Liberty’s cause,
 And the star spangled banner of blue.

The friends and supporters of civil and religious liberty t’roughout the world—

Here’s freedom to them that wad read,
 Here’s freedom to them that wad write,
 There’s none ever feared that the truth should be heard,
 But they whom the truth wad indite.

May liberty meet with success,
 May courage protect her from evil,
 May tyrants and bigotry tinge in their mist,
 And wander their way to the devil.

Greece—The producing parent, and perfecting nurse of genius, taste, science, and freedom; the hallowed object of the admiration and reverence of every scholar, patriot, and philosopher; the unprotected, if not unpitied, christian victim to the exterminating hate of the ruthless fanatic infidel. May the guiding light and vivifying warmth successfully shed over remote barbarian countries, from her classic fane, be reflected with concentrated force on its now cold, dark, desolate ruins; and like her own fabled phoenix, may she awake from the deadly slumber of ages, with renewed beauty and vigor, again to soar her lofty, happy, heavenly flight.

The rising generation; soon to be the present—May the *pure* essence of wisdom enlighten and strengthen their minds, and the “cream of human kindness”^{*} equally cherish and be cherished by their hearts.

A philosophic language—The master key which will open wide to the world the still closed portals of science and truth; and unfold the great volume of nature to all mankind.

The golden Age of Reason and Humanity—When the present unnatural division of society, by the adventitious circumstances of birth, sex, wealth, faith, and color, into the two odious classes of tyrants and slaves, shall be utterly abolished; then shall *right* be *might*, and the human family one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Continued from page 111.

Among those who made their escape was John Spina, a celebrated preacher, in disguise, and John St. Caumont, St. Romain, Cugie, young Briquemaut, and a few others, from the inadvertency of their pursuers. In this way, alas, was saved one of the infant sons of Nonpar de Caumont, who, lying in the same bed with his father and brother, was shielded by their bodies, and afterwards conveyed to a place of safety; Lerian, or Tejan, fled, desperately wounded, to the bed-room of Margaret, queen of Navarre, and throwing himself on her bed, owed his life to her intercession. The captain of the guards then conducted her to the duchess of Louvaine's chamber, on her way to which, Bour, an Hugonot chief, fell dead at her feet. This sight threw her into a swoon, and when she recovered, she begged the lives of Miossens and Armagnac, her husband's gentleman and valet. Gramont, de Duras, Gamach, and Bouchvanes were saved by Charles himself on the appearance of the submission of the king of Navarre; but the king's old tutor, Bellovare, who had

^{*} The inimitably happy expression applied to the benevolence of Mr. Owen, by the London Review.

been long confined to his bed by the gout, was murdered in it ; Lavaradin, who had been in a similar employ about the royal person, was martyred, as was old Briou : the latter had the care of the Prince de Conti, who, in vain, attempted to save him, by covering him with his own person.

Even the duke of Guise, from motives of policy, saved a few from the general carnage ; particularly D' Acier, at the solicitation of his brother, the duke of Usez, and of the queen-mother : Briquemaut and Cavagnet escaped, in the first instance, but were afterwards executed, under the mock form of a trial. Every description of weapon, and all the elements, were resorted to, as means of death, on this memorable occasion. The famous duke of Sully, then an infant, was providentially saved : he narrowly escaped the hands of two priests, when he remembered to have heard speak of Sicilian vespers ; and although he did not understand the import of that phrase, he understood the orders they gave, " not to spare even sucking babes." In fact, neither age nor sex was exempted. Magdalen Brissouet, a widow, and niece to the bishop of Meaux, equally celebrated for her personal as for her mental charms, was stabbed, thrown into the river, and, finally, suffered a lingering death from ferocious watermen, because she refused to abjure the protestant faith.

Many catholics availed themselves of this opportunity to gratify their private revenge on each other ; and some even put their own infants to death. Seven or eight hundred of the huguonots fled in a body to the prisons for safety, but they were all dragged out and put to death in various ways.

One body of nobility, by the advice of the vidame of Chartres, preferred remaining in the suburbs of St. Germain, to the Admiral's quarters, of which they were suspicious. When the confusion commenced, they, however, could not believe the rumours which reached them ; and even on viscount Montgomery's arrival with an account of it, they were so infatuated, that they resolved in council, that " this insurrection of the Guisian party was not only without, but against, the king's will ; and that it would be a becoming act of loyalty, to sally forth in a body and assist their sovereign to defend his authority."

Maurignon, to whom had been entrusted the butchery of these nobles, was already in the suburbs, waiting succors which Marcel had to send from the city. Marcel having been dilatory, the assassins dispersed for plunder. Maurignon grew impatient, and at length the duke of Guise resolved to perform the butchery in person : advancing with that view to the gate of the suburbs, wrong keys were brought ; this occasioned farther delay, and in the mean time, the morning broke, and discovered, to the loyal huguonots, a detachment of guards crossing the river in a boat, headed by the duke of Guise ; which, with the firing from the palace windows, convinced them of what was intended. They accordingly sought their safety in flight, and got to England, whence they raised their swords, in many a future day of open battle, against their perfidious tyrant.

It was Charles's original intention to throw the whole odium of this massacre on the Guise, to whose violence he ascribed, in his letters to the governors of provinces to stop the massacre, all its horrible conse-

quences. The queen-mother, in like manner, addressed letters to the same effect, as to the Guises, to the foreign protestant countries.

Catharine and Charles had indulged the expectation that the Montmorencis and Guises would eventually have destroyed each other; but they were disappointed by the Marshal's retirement to Chantilly, with the king's permission; and the Parisian populace were not so blind that they could not foresee the vengeance the absent Marshal would take, if they attacked his family and friends in Paris.

The burthen of the massacre was now about to be attached to the Guises, at which, as the great Sully observes, those princes expressed the highest resentment, and peremptorily insisted that "the king, who had given the orders, should explicitly avow himself to be the author of them."

It required all the ingenuity both of Catharine and of Anjou, to prevail on Charles, who already began to see the massacre in its true colors, to lead himself with its odium; notwithstanding, in this, also, Catharine and Anjou ultimately succeeded; and as Charles chose rather to be considered very wicked than very weak, having, at length, been persuaded to avow that he was the author of the massacre, he was easily induced, on the plea of self-defence, to give orders that the massacres should be made general throughout the kingdom.

Charles now considered it necessary to have recourse to his parliament, and to hold a bed of justice, which was attended by the princes of the blood, his two brothers, the king of Navarre and the prince of Conde. Here, Charles accused the murdered victims of having formed a plot to destroy their king, his brother, and the king of Navarre, for the purpose of seating the prince of Conde on the throne; and then to murder him, and set up de Coligny. It is but justice to this tribunal to add, that not one of those present believed a word which was stated; but what must have been the feelings of the king of Navarre and prince of Conde, at such an insult upon their own honor and the memory of their butchered relatives and friends! The result, however, of course was, the formal condemnation of Admiral de Coligny for high treason. His goods were confiscated and broken up by the executioners—his house razed—the trees of his court-yard cut down to the middle of the trunk;—the yard itself sown with salt—his children rendered infamous—and a monument erected to calumniate his memory. His body was to have underwent, from the executioner, all the mutilation it had actually suffered from the bigotted populace; but, as it could not be found, an effigy went through the ceremony in its stead. A figure, stuffed with straw, was accordingly prepared, retaining some caricature resemblance of its great original, to excite the ridicule of the populace. Cruelty never succeeds with the multitude so well, as when, by exciting mirth, it destroys compassion.

The mock execution of the Admiral was followed by the real one of the marshal du Camp, Briquemaut, seventy years of age, and Cavagnet, chancellor of the huguonots. Charles and Catharine enjoyed the sight of this judicial murder from a window; and a public thanksgiving, for the king's and nation's deliverance from this pretended plot, was enjoined by law. Charles now took upon himself the odium of the massacre, expressly declaring, that it did not originate in the religion of the huguo-

nots : and although, at the beginning of this piece of mummery, he professed to confirm all preceding edicts for tolerating the reformed worship, yet its close stigmatized, not only the public, but the private worship of the huguonots as high treason !

So early as the evening of Sunday, August 24th, while several courtiers were ingratiating themselves by a recital of instances of their individual barbarities, and one in particular boasted that he had killed some hundreds with his own hand, Charles trembled, and soon afterwards said to Paré, his surgeon, "Ambrose, I know not what has been the matter with me these two or three days past, but I feel emotions of mind and body as if I had a fever ; sleeping or waking, the hideous faces of murdered huguonots, covered with blood, are ever before me : I wish I had spared the innocent !" An order was shortly issued to discontinue the carnage. In answer to Charles's direction to make the massacre general throughout the provinces, Viscount Ortez, governor of Bayonne, wrote the following laconic epistle.

"Sire—I have communicated your majesty's commands to your faithful citizens and brave soldiers, and find that they all deserve those noble characters ; but there is not one hangman among them !"

Eleonor de Chabot, Count de Charny, was so averse to such baseness and cruelty, that only one huguonot perished throughout his whole government of Burgundy ; and Francis Montmorenci, at Chantilly, not only averted the storm from his direction, but influenced his friends to do the same.

Claude de Savoy, Count de Tende, a relation of the Montmorencis, pleaded contradictory orders ; and, therefore, that he inclined to the side of mercy, and saved all the huguonots of Provence : but he soon fell a victim to poison ! Bertrand de Simiane, who was educated in the Montmorenci family, saved all the huguonots of Doupigny, on the ground of the danger of driving so powerful a body to despair. St. Heran, also, of Auvergne, declared, "this order for the assassination of subjects, protected by law, is such as I cannot suppose to proceed from the king's mouth, and therefore cannot obey, unless I heard that mouth deliver it."

Tanneguy le Venneur in vain attempted to restrain the bigots of Rouen ; and Meaux warmly emulated the bloody scenes of Paris. Five hundred huguonots were thrown into prison, in consequence of which, the remainder fled ; but twenty-five females were sacrificed, many of them having been previously violated by their religious destroyers. The massacre at Orleans opened with the murder of Campell Boville, who, unsuspectingly, being a royal counsellor, invited the king's messengers to supper, when his hospitality was repaid by a mortal stab. Above a thousand, of all ages and both sexes, were martyred here, and most of their bodies thrown into the Loire. The massacre continued at this place three whole days.

The Parisian carnage was no sooner known to the magistracy, of Troyes, in Champagne, than guards were posted at the gates, to prevent any huguonots from escaping. All persons suspected of belonging to them were, on the 28th of August, put into confinement, and murdered five days afterwards, by command of Simphal, the governor, and their bodies thrown into a hole in the prison. It is said that this ornament

to the popish faith, immediately after the horrid work was completed, produced the king's order to stop proceedings, and which order was in his possession before the monstrous deeds were perpetrated.

Bourges emulated the fury of Orleans. The duke of Nevers's lieutenant entered Charite, on the Loire, and put eighteen huguonots to death. Viscount Joyeuse, at the same time, failed in an attempt upon Montauban; as did Strozzi on Rochelle.

To be continued.

Prayers.—A German priest walking in procession, at the head of his parishioners, over cultivated fields, in order to procure a blessing on their future crops, when he came to those of unpromising appearance, would pass on, saying, "here prayers and singing will avail nothing--this must have manure."

Custom.—Custom has erected a despotism over individual will, against the tyranny of which reason protests in vain.

Free Press Association.—The meetings of the Association are now held in the Bowery Long Room, opposite the Theatre; where a lecture will be delivered to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, at 3 o'clock, *on a theological subject.*

In the evening, at half-past 6 o'clock, the debate will be resumed on the following question:—*Have the doctrines and precepts of the new testament a tendency to improve, or demoralize society?*

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